Kissing the Knife— Alternate Mizumono Ending

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Kissing the Knife— Alternate Mizumono Ending

by TheCosmicPebble

Summary

Will is heartbroken when he sees that Hannibal still hasn't left despite his warnings. He just wanted the man he cares about to run free, even if it meant going without him.

Everything changes when he sees that Hannibal is holding a knife.

Notes

This will be a short rewrite of Mizumono— an AU of sorts where Will avoids being stabbed and a much different ending ensues. Hope you enjoy!

I need ERT I need ERT now! Get over here as fast as you can. Alana..Alana's hurt. Oh god what if she dies? I don't know where Jack is. Everyone's missing and I'm all alone and I'm scared and I just want someone to—

"..Abigail?"

Will couldn't believe his eyes. There, alive and unharmed, was Abigail Hobbs, tearful and afraid. He looked her up and down, eyes wide— she was alive. She was actually alive, standing right in front of him. Hannibal hadn't killed her.

Abigail was crying. "I didn't know what else to do, so..I just did what he told me," she whimpered, lip quivering. He'd never seen her this defeated, not even when she was bleeding out on her kitchen floor.

She didn't have to specify who *he* was. "..Where is he?" Will asked, hoping and praying that he was long gone. That he'd hopped on the closest plane and taken off, dead to the world and free to keep living. He desperately needed for it to be true, because then this would all be worth it in the end.

Abigail's gaze shifted, almost imperceptibly, towards something over Will's shoulder, and he felt his heart shatter inside of his chest.

"..You were supposed..to *leave*," Will whispered, slowly turning his body to face Hannibal Lecter. He was disheveled, his shirt wrinkled and covered in blood, his face shadowed in the darkness. His person suit had been shed, revealing who this man really was: dangerous.

Will had needed him to leave. He'd picked up that phone knowing the consequences, knowing that people he loved might have to die, but he dialed the number anyway. Hearing Hannibal's voice, just the one word, was enough to sell it for him— this man couldn't be captured. Will knew what it was like to be locked up, and he knew that no one deserved that. Especially not someone he cared about. Hannibal didn't belong in a cell; it simply wouldn't be right. He was a supernatural force. He contained multitudes. Mere steel and brick couldn't keep him forever.

Hannibal's expression was unreadable, but when he stepped forward and the light caught his eyes there was a glimpse of hurt. Betrayal. He reached out a strong hand and cradled Will's cheek with it. Will nearly shuddered to think of everything those hands had done, how many lives they had ended, and now they were touching him with such care.

"We couldn't leave without you," he said, his voice commanding yet gentle. Will looked into his eyes and saw something in them that he had never seen before. He was lost in those eyes; he couldn't stop looking. There, standing under his gaze and letting his hand caress his face, Will felt everything click into place.

Achilles wished all Greeks would die so that he and Patroclus could conquer Troy alone.

Stay with me. His hands gently holding Will's. So gently.

One can never be fully aware of another human being unless we love them.

Love them. Love them. Love them.

Hannibal loved him. All this time, Hannibal had been in love with him.

Will's immediate thought was that he didn't deserve this. He had betrayed Hannibal so deeply, and they both knew it. He'd tried so hard to warn Hannibal, to push him away. The phone call. Little mentions here and there. He had even gone so far as to not shower after his visit with Freddie Lounds, knowing that the scent would linger on him, knowing that Hannibal would notice it. He'd hoped that Hannibal would understand and take off before Will had to do anything he didn't want to.

But no. He still stayed. He stayed because he loved Will. Why? What had Will done to deserve this, after the way he'd swindled a killer? After building Hannibal's trust and throwing it away?

The answer was that he didn't deserve this at all. He ducked his head and moved to turn away, breaking the spell that wavered between their gazes. His torso shifted; he couldn't bring himself to face Hannibal after everything he'd done.

He felt something sharp graze the side of him, merely tearing part of his shirt and cutting a thin layer of skin. It was nothing too painful, about as much as one of his dogs scratching him, but a jolt of alarm ran through him. He looked down.

Hannibal was holding a sharp knife, his wrist straightened like he had just thrust it forward. It hovered near Will's side, right where he had been standing before.

Oh. *Oh*.

Before he could react, Hannibal was lunging for him, shoving him against the wall and pressing the blade to his neck. Abigail yelped in fear.

"You will not move," Hannibal hissed at him. "Not a muscle."

"You.." A knife. Millimeters away from stabbing him in the gut. The blade was warm, drenched in what he assumed was Jack's blood, and Will felt a wave of nausea. "This is how it ends? You're going to kill me?"

And I thought you loved me.

"I don't wish to kill you. But I can and will make you bleed." Hannibal's stare was cold, making Will cower underneath it. "Just as you have made me bleed."

Will didn't answer. He knew that Hannibal was right; he deserved this. After deceiving him, he deserved this more than anything.

Hannibal leaned close to him, so close that Will felt blood rush to his cheeks. He was disgusted, ashamed, confused as to why it felt so nice to have him here. Their bodies pressed together.

"You must pay for what you've done to me, Will," Hannibal said, his voice a low rumble. "You must pay for your betrayal."

Will opened his mouth to object, but then he remembered what all he had done to get himself here. The hurt in Hannibal's eyes. "..I know."

"You've gone behind my back. Made me believe you were someone who could truly understand me. But you lied. You thought you could fool me forever." His voice danced in Will's ear, the vibrations sending chills through his body.

"I tried to warn you! I tried. You weren't supposed to be here. Why didn't you just go?"

Hannibal finally leaned back, but the knife remained pressed against Will's throat. Will yearned for his warmth again.

"Why did you call me?"

"To warn you!"

"I know that. But why?"

Will bit his tongue. He knew that confessing the truth now would be too much. He was already vulnerable, and he didn't want to completely melt in front of Hannibal. He knew to never let his guard down around this force of a man.

The truth was that he needed Hannibal.

Hannibal frowned when he didn't answer. "No matter the reason, you called too late. You deceived me for months. Months, Will, I believed you were someone else—"

"Now you know how it feels!" Will cried out. The muscles in his neck strained as he pressed the back of his head to the wall, trying to escape the blade. "Don't act like a saint, Hannibal. I was sick. I was *sick*, and I *trusted* you, and you took advantage of me!"

"I gave you my *heart*!" Hannibal shouted, the first time Will had heard him speak so loud. This entire time, Hannibal had never gone above a firm, slightly raised tone; this, however, was raw. Emotional. It was made even worse with the knowledge that Hannibal really loved him. "I gave you a rare gift, and you have given me nothing in return. Practically served myself up on a silver platter, and you didn't want it!"

"Didn't I?!" Will felt his heart flutter in his chest. He couldn't believe that Hannibal was being so dense, that he didn't understand how much Will had already given up. "I killed for you."

"You killed to fool me."

"You hurt me just as bad—"

"Oh, I've already paid my dues, Will, *look at me*!" Hannibal's other arm swept across the room, wildly gesturing to everything around them. The blood on the floor, all over both of

them, Abigail sobbing on the kitchen floor as they screamed at each other. Will saw that there were tears in Hannibal's eyes, too, and it surprised him so much that he nearly gasped. He never cried.

"Look at me," Hannibal repeated, quieter now. "I've lost everything. I've lost it all for you. Because of you. And you repay me with this."

"I just didn't want anyone to die!"

"And so you would deny me my life?"

"No! Not your life. Never your life." Why couldn't he understand? Will had called him to spare his life, not take it away.

"My freedom, then, you would take that from me?" Hannibal shook his head. "Confine me to a prison cell?"

"I'm sorry." Will no longer had the energy to scream. Seeing Hannibal cry was about to break him. The world was crumbling before him.

He still couldn't believe that Hannibal loved him, and it had taken him so much time to realize it. How could he have interacted with him without picking up even a glimpse? Hannibal was such an enigma, unpredictable, and that was why Will felt so drawn to him.

"What do you have to lose, Will? Jack Crawford? Alana, who treats you like a beaten dog in a cage? Strangers who will never understand you? No. No, the only thing you have to lose is me. Me and Abigail. You had the chance to have us both. I offered it to you, and you refused."

"I should have said yes. I wanted to say yes. I still do! I just didn't understand. We can go, Hannibal. Please."

"You must pay. Look at the life I made for us. The life you rejected. You must *pay*." It was like he had to reassure himself more than anyone else. Like he was faltering deep down, not really wanting to harm Will. Will thought desperately of what to say, how he could make up for the months of deception and hurt. How he could show Hannibal everything he'd given up, too.

"I'm sorry," was all he could think to say. "I'm sorry."

Hannibal grit his teeth, slightly loosening his grip on the knife. It was still there, firmly pressed to Will's skin, but not to the point of pain. Will felt a line of fire across his throat where it had rested. When Hannibal spoke, it was colder than Will had ever heard.

"..Do you believe you could change me the way I've changed you?"

"I already did."

A flash of anger across Hannibal's face, followed by utter resignation. He knew that Will was right. Just witnessing himself in this state, tearful and bloodied and ruined over one

single man, was enough to make him realize that.

"You won't hurt me," Will told him. "You can't. You care too much, and that scares you, doesn't it?"

Because you've never been in love before. After hearing Hannibal speak, Will knew his assumptions were true.

Hannibal was silent, closing his eyes and taking a breath. "I know what I must do," he said softly. Slowly, his hand began to lower, and Will felt his whole body relax as the knife left his throat. He hadn't realized how tense he'd been. He followed the knife with his eyes, making sure it never left his sight, and he blinked with confusion as Hannibal grabbed his hand. Gently, Hannibal unraveled Will's clenched fingers and pressed the handle of the knife into his grip.

"You have danced across the line too many times, Will," Hannibal said. "No more double lives, having two things at once." His face returned to the blank slate it always was. "Abigail and I are leaving. You will not come with us. You are going to lose both of us."

His stomach dropped. "No, please..."

"This is how you pay. You don't get to have either of us now."

"Hannibal." This wasn't fair. Surely Hannibal wasn't going to leave him behind like this. Not after everything he'd given up. It would be so cruel.

But then again, Will had been cruel, too. It was clear that he'd really hurt Hannibal— and no one got away with hurting Hannibal Lecter, even if it meant losing everything.

"You cannot reverse time, Will. You can only move forward." Hannibal took a step back, turned around, and walked slowly towards Abigail. He stopped and looked over his shoulder. "I hope you'll forgive me. I hope you'll think of me."

"*Hannibal*."

But Will's words fell on deaf ears. Hannibal was set on this. Will was paralyzed as Hannibal approached Abigail and held out his hand. She looked calm now, at ease, like she was expecting this.

"Let's go, Abigail," he told her, causing her face to fall in disappointment. Will flinched— faced with that voice, that promise of comfort, he would have jumped off the ground and flung himself into Hannibal's arms. Abigail, on the other hand, was quivering, her jaw set, her eyes angry. In one final rebellion, she said the bravest thing that she could say in that moment.

"No." She swallowed. "No, I don't want to."

Hannibal didn't budge. "We have to go. The FBI are close."

"No. No, I don't want to be around you. You..I'm scared. You said.." Her face was crumpling, and Will was reminded of her innocence. She was a child. A corrupted, terrified child.

"Dear, things will be better this way." Hannibal crouched to meet her on the ground. "I will be your home. We can—"

"No! I don't want to!" Abigail jumped to her feet. "You're both sick. You said this wouldn't happen! You said you would help me!" She was shrill, unhinged.

Help her with what?

Before she could run, Hannibal gripped her forearms firmly. "Abigail, we don't have time for this. You'll get arrested if you stay here. Please come with me. I'll give you a better life this way. You don't have to—"

Abigail lashed out at him, pushing him away and trying to run. She didn't make it far; she was back in Hannibal's grasp within seconds. She screeched and thrashed in his grip, and no matter how hard Hannibal tried to calm her, it wasn't working. She swung her arm at him, scratching his face with her long nails. God, she had been in this house for so long...

"Stop! I don't wanna live anymore! You said you would help me! I'm supposed to die!"

Will gasped. Of course. That had been the night's brilliant plan: to kill Abigail, to hurt Will in every way possible before leaving. It had been perfect, at least until Will stepped back.

Hannibal was right-- it was impossible now to have two things at once. Will could have one of them or neither of them, and the thought of being left alone was so horrifying that he knew he would have to use the knife in his hand. He couldn't let both of them leave.

It would be so easy to kill Hannibal. Save Abigail, go to Jack, tell the FBI all about Hannibal's manipulation. He would be celebrated for ending Hannibal's life, once the world knew the truth. Abigail would be safe.

But he could never save Abigail from her past. She would be punished for helping her father-- severely punished, hated worldwide. Her life was ruined, and she knew it.

"I don't wanna *live*!" She was hysterical now, sobbing. It was clear that the night was falling apart before Hannibal's eyes, which was atypical. He wasn't accustomed to failure.

"Abigail," he said softly. "Stop." He was so weak, so confused. Just one word, and Will knew what he had to do.

Hello? Just one word, and Will's heart had stopped. He had chosen Hannibal because he couldn't live without that voice, because it had become the sole voice in his head that dictated his world. He chose Hannibal.

Will would choose him again. Without Hannibal, he would never know himself again. Hannibal may have been the only person on this planet who could ever love him.

While the two were struggling, Will rushed forward and took Abigail in his arms. He pressed her back against his chest, pinning her there, hearing her cry out. She felt so frail against him, and it didn't escape him how quickly she went limp, accepting her fate. He whipped both of them around to face Hannibal, who was watching with slight shock on his face.

"I'm so sorry," Will said to her.

He dug the blade straight into her neck.

Abigail let out a high pitched gurgle, more gasps and sobs escaping her before the blood drowned out her voice. She went limp, her hands worthlessly shooting up towards her throat. Will sliced open her scar, skin splitting underneath the knife, and blood spurted out from the cut. It was thick and dark, right from an artery, coating both of them. Abigail began to choke on it.

Slowly, Will lowered her to the ground and placed her on her back. Blood pooled underneath her and soaked into her dark hair, her freckled face turning whiter than the clouds. She seized underneath him, eyes staring up at nothing in particular.

It didn't take long for her to die.

The reality of what he'd done hit Will like a bullet to the chest, and he sank to his knees in grief.

"Abigail," Will whispered, doubling over on the floor. "I'm so sorry, Abigail. I'm sorry. I'm sorry.."

He was so distracted that he barely registered the sound of Hannibal's footsteps behind him. Something heavy and blunt struck him on the back of his head, knocking him onto his side, and his vision was quickly overcome with little pinpricks of white light that eventually were swallowed by darkness.

Will awoke to warm air blowing on his face, a cushion under his cheek. He opened his eyes, feeling the Earth moving rapidly underneath him.

He was laying on his side in the backseat of a car, Hannibal rigid in the driver's seat.

He wanted to speak, but he didn't know what to say. Hannibal hadn't noticed he was awake. He thought about lunging forward, taking Hannibal by surprise and snapping his neck, ending this entire nightmare..

No. He didn't want that at all. He knew he had to get rid of the overwhelming compulsion to kill Hannibal— after all, he was the only person on this planet that could ever love him. Know him.

His head was still pounding. Will slept.

There was someone sniffing his face.

Will's eyes popped open, and when he raised his hand reflexively he felt something soft graze his palm. His attacker retreated, and Will caught a glimpse--

"Winston?"

He was surrounded by dogs. His bed, his house, his pack. For a moment, he basked in the familiarity, wondering if everything had just been a terrible dream that he could erase from his mind.

But then he saw Hannibal sitting on the end of his bed, his back to Will. He was hunched over, small.

"I thought it would be me," Hannibal said. "I thought for sure it would be me." He was holding the knife, toying with it. It still had Abigail's blood on it.

His presence was strong, calming. "..You were okay with that? Me killing you?" Will asked, unsure of what else to say. You knocked me out. You literally slammed me in the back of the head. And I'm fine with it.

You carried me. You love me. You love *me*.

"Hm? Oh, no. I..I always thought I would be the one to kill her. It..this is a shock to me."

Will was temporarily stunned by the words. "Why did you--"

"We didn't have enough time over there. They won't expect us to be here."

"You didn't have to knock me unconscious. We could have, you know..walked to the car."

"I couldn't be sure that you wouldn't attack me, too." He finally turned his head, glancing back at Will with a coldness in his gaze. "After all, you killed Abigail just to hurt me."

Will blinked, alarmed. The fact that Hannibal still saw things that way was infuriating. Like Will hadn't been hurt, too. "Do you not get it?" Will asked. "Do you still not understand?"

"I'm not--"

"I didn't kill her to hurt you, Hannibal, I killed her because she was the only thing I have left to give up! Can you really not see it?

"I let you into my life. I let you know me. See me. My only lie was omission-- every part of me that you saw was real. You've seen me without my person suit, too, and it's a side of myself that I didn't even know I had. You saw something intimate." He gestured towards the blood on his clothing. "You were right. I have you and Abigail. That's it. And look! Look at what I've given up--" his voice cracked, and he paused. He was crying. "..For you. I gave her

up for you, Hannibal, because I've already given up every other part of myself, and it wasn't enough for you. So I had to take it to the extreme. And you still don't get it."

It was true-- Will had fully surrendered himself. Confessed his fears, admitted his desires, shed tears over things he'd lost. Jack, Alana, his child, his job, his reputation, his privacy, his safety, his health, his innocence...Abigail. All given up because, in his mind, Hannibal would always prevail.

Hannibal had fully turned his body around, his legs pretzeled as he stared at Will with his mouth slightly open. It looked like the message was finally getting to him.

"I let you have so much of me, and you were just going to walk away. Make all of this worthless. Stab me and leave me alone to die, is that it?"

"No! Not that. I wouldn't ever do that.." Hannibal trailed off, realizing that this was the same conversation they'd had before-- just in the other direction.

Not your life. Never.

Hannibal had surrendered himself, too. He'd given up parts of his past, shed his person suit just for Will to see. He had expressed his true self to Will, taking the risk of giving himself up just because he wanted someone else to see him. He knew that he and Will were alike, and he was willing to risk everything he had to show him the light.

Neither of them had noticed the other's efforts until tonight. Their obsession had blinded them to the truth. Their devotion was mutual, but neither of them knew it until now because neither of them were used to being known. They were so used to the world letting them down that they couldn't believe someone would really want them.

"I called you because I couldn't lose you, Hannibal. I thought you were going to die, and I realized that I'd rather have you run, because at least then I could maybe find you someday." Will gave a shaky sigh. "You said I've given you nothing. Have you not been paying attention at all?"

Hannibal's face fell. He shifted closer to Will, reaching out to take his hand. "You've given me your heart, too," he realized.

"I've been giving it to you this whole time. I've given you everything I have. It's all gone, Hannibal. I don't have anything left to give you." Tears spilled onto the sheets, his face flushed. "There's just me. Do you not want me?"

"Oh, Will." Hannibal was trembling slightly, eyes glistening. "Oh, *Will*."

He moved across the mattress to reach Will, wrapping his arms around Will in a tight embrace. Will melted, leaning his head on Hannibal's chest, both of them letting their tears fall. Hannibal buried his face in Will's damp hair. They were both disasters, dirty and exhausted.

"I'm sorry," Hannibal whispered. "I'm so, so sorry. I didn't see it. I really didn't see it." He shook his head. "I shouldn't have demanded so much. I just couldn't admit that all I really wanted was you."

"Because you love me."

Hannibal was silent for a moment, but then Will felt his lips kiss the top of his head. "There are better words for it. I am infatuated with you." He tilted his head down to kiss Will's neck. Will tensed. It felt so good. "Obsessed with you. I wouldn't be able to make it without you."

"Is that not love?"

"It's lust. Arguably more intense. What we have, though, can easily become love— as long as you give it time. And we have plenty of it."

"You need me. Is that better?"

"I need you." He kissed Will's jawline. "Oh, how I need you. I am nothing without you."

"Good," Will said. "Me, too."

They held each other in the darkness, nuzzling their heads into each other's bodies like lions to their mates. They listened to each other breathe, simply let their hands travel up and down as though they'd never touched another human before. Hannibal's hands gently massaged Will's torso, which sent chills down his back.

"I'm sorry." Will kissed his lips. "I'm sorry. She didn't have to die. I failed her. I'm horrible..."

"Will, dear." Hannibal took Will's face in his hands, looking into his eyes. "I cannot express to you how much that poor girl wanted to die. She..she tried once, while I was at work. I found her in time, luckily, but..it was bound to happen at some point."

You said you would help me!

"She begged you to kill her tonight, didn't she?"

"Yes. I don't think I could have kept her safe."

"No one is safe around us. That's why it has to be just us. That's why we give everything up." Will tilted his head to look up at him. "Please forgive me, Hannibal. I failed her."

"You are not the only one who has failed her. You saved her from an unhappy life. She didn't deserve to live her life in fear of me."

"Forgive me for everything, then. For hurting you."

"I already have."

Will was falling, landing on his back on the mattress, and he felt Hannibal's weight on top of him. Hannibal pressed their lips together, caressing his body, and Will let himself sink.

"We don't have time," he murmured between kisses.

"What's five minutes?"

Hannibal was so, so warm.

"*Champagne? Jus d'orange*?"

A well-polished flight attendant traversed her way up and down the aisle, checking in on her guests. It was rather early, a red-eye flight, and many of the passengers either refused her offers or were too busy sleeping to even hear her. She had grown tired of saying the same things over and over again.

There was one man in particular who caught her attention, though. When she reached their row, she noticed that the man had a companion— one that was fast asleep, his head resting on the man's shoulder. When she asked if he wanted a drink, he quietly shook his head and whispered a quick "*merci*." He gazed at the sleeping man with a love that the attendant wished her husband gave to her.

The plane was going to land in Florence soon.

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